

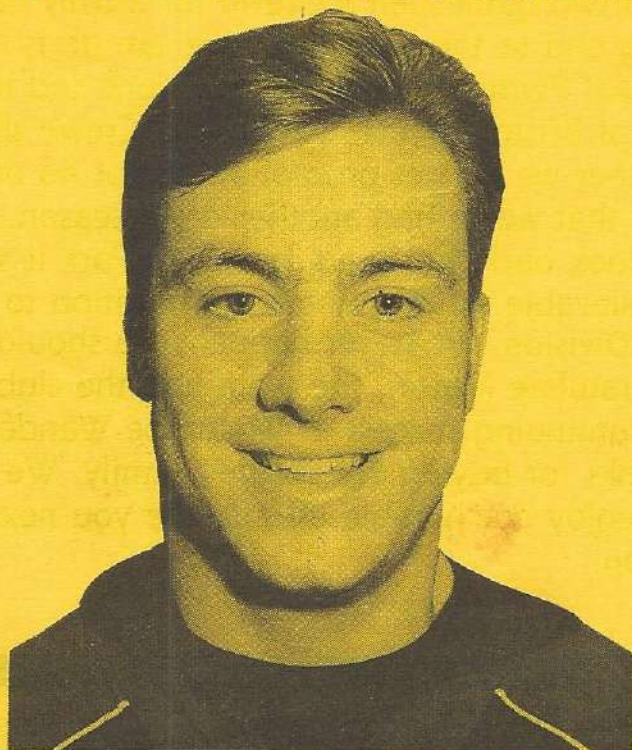
The



ADAMS FAMILY

ISSUE 17..... APRIL/MAY 95..... STILL A STAGGERINGLY LOW 50p

**OH NO!
COULD THIS BE THE END OF TAF?**



"I suggest! you want to keep your readers, not drive them away. All we need to see next week is a front page picture of David Titterton making his comeback in the reserves and the Midweek will lose every female reader it has ever had."

MARTIN O'NEILL QUOTE, WWFC OFFICIAL PROGRAMME 15th APRIL 95

WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

The **ADAMS FAMILY**

P.O. BOX 394, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS HP13 6HT

With two games left we're in for a truly nail-biting end to the season. All we can do is hope we beat Plymouth and Leyton Orient and that the likes of Bristol Rovers, Oxford and Crewe slip up. Whether we do get promotion or not no one can deny that we've had another great season. When you look back five years to Loakes Park it seems unbelievable we're going for promotion to the First Division. Whatever happens we should all congratulate Martin, the team and the club for the continuing success of Wycombe Wanderers.

Thanks for buying *The Adams Family*. We hope you enjoy our humble efforts. See you next season.

Contributors: David Chapman, Douglas Peters, Jonathan Dickinson, Neil Peters, Floyd Foreman, Andrew Dickinson, Mr C. Watts.

Outlets: Wycombe Wines, Crendon Street, High Wycombe; Scorpion Records, Oxford Road, High Wycombe; WWFC Programme hut, Adams Park, High Wycombe.

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TERRACE TATTLE

Well its that time of the year again and once again Wycombe are still in with a vague chance of play off glory. Or at least they were when I wrote this, the unfortunate thing is that by time you read this they may well not be. It goes without saying that our run since the end of February has been somewhat ropy with goals occurring about as frequently as Hinge and Bracket appear on network television. Thankfully the trend appears to have been bucked since the arrival of Colchester wonder boy Steve McGavin who adds a whole new dimension up front. Of course we all love Steve now and he is truly forgiven but cast your minds back a couple of issues (i.e. two years, yes we know we're idle !) and you'll find Steve referred to in far from glowing terms in "The Diary". Steve we're sorry about the greasy pudding bowl haircut remark (Even though you still have one) and I'm sure any of those Wycombe fans who regaled you with two fingered salutes are repentant too.

What a surprise the TAF clan had upon arriving to sell the fanzine at the Rotherham game in February, another stall nestling near to our now legendary sales pitch. We all thought it was our old rival the long running and highly witty "Rhubarb Rhubarb" making a return from publishing heaven (Hell actuallyed)

but it was the concisely titled "Wycombe Wanderers Independent Supporters Club". I'm not sure whether the 'fan power' bit will work, I'm of the opinion that Football club directors will always do exactly what they want regardless of the fans views but its always good to try and ruffle a few complacent feathers. I also dearly hope that WWISC's travel club whips the ass of the official travel club who have for years used their monopoly position to fleece the travelling public. Since I have liberated myself from the seedy world of coaches by passing my driving test and see no enjoyment in watching a match pissed, you'll never find me on either but its good to see a cheaper alternative for those who have no choice. One thing though, get yourself a spell checker, it hides our illiteracy superbly and could do the same for you !

One man who is familiar with the above mob is Mr. Alan Parry who got himself in sticky mud over his not very director like comments about spending cash on players. I can never make my mind up about him, when he makes comments like the above I think its great that there is "one of us" on the inside. But then when he shames us all by screeching about on the pitch like a demented TV. evangelist and berates us for not bringing all our friends and relatives to matches I start to wonder. Mind you he has stirred up a hornets nest of controversy with his lack of

punters through the turnstile rant, even we've received a few letters on the subject. Alan, I spent an entire afternoon at work inviting neutral footy fans to come on down to Adams Park straight from work, park miles from the ground, get ripped off at the teabars (80 pence for a carton of Ribena get real !) and pay @6.50 watch a team that hadn't scored in 5 games and had been playing crap since Christmas. Not surprisingly there were no takers. Alan you have to realise that whilst we all know what a marvellous achievement Wycombe's ascent into division two is the majority in this area really don't give a flying one for it. Crowds will take time to grow, ten years ago when I was at secondary school I was ridiculed for wearing a Wycombe scarf (Or was it my crap haircut, who knows ?) now kids wear the full regalia with pride. I supported Forest as well but there are kids now who don't have that alternative Premier League glory club, Wycombe Wanderers are their team and that's something to be proud of. Wycombe is not a metropolitan city, it is a traditional, boring home counties town just like Watford, Reading and Luton who's crowds ours compare very favourably to already.

Thankfully things have improved no end of late performance and results wise. Terry Howard has proven to be possibly the best bargain in football this year, and must be smiling at the sacking of

four

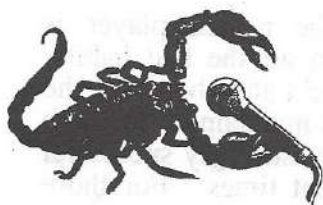
Leyton Orient's management team by new chairman Barry Hearn. In the end its turned out to be a great move for Terry, no relegation, a chance to get out of the East End slums and a considerably smaller chance of ever bumping into Hearn managed snooker stiff Steve Davis.

Shock of the moment has to be the return of football enigma Tony Hemmings to first team action. We at TAF whilst loving the Red Lion regular could only see a future transfer to some crappy non league backwater, such as Slough, Chesham and Marlow but Hemmo has proved us wrong yet again and has set an example to all those forgotten men in the squad that you can fight your way back into favour. (Unless you're Nicky Reid !)
As the season draws to a close

we should reflect and be proud of what has been achieved this year. I'm sure I wasn't the only one who thought avoiding relegation would be a great season, sadly the first half spoilt us and made the spell since Christmas look extremely cack. However if we don't make it up this year our squad is in a fine state for next seasons campaign when Ryan and Desouza are added to the current team. Personally I hope Martin can persuade Charlton Athletic to sell us Peter Garland who, alongside HRH Steve Brown, has been majestic recently and was sorely missed at Brighton.

Whatever have a great summer, but don't spend too much on your Wycombe Wanderers Visa Card. Bye
Thought for the month : Why is a WWFC denim shirt as dear as a Levis one ????

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five

AND ONE FOR YOURSELF MATE !

Nicky Reid, Glyn Creaser, Big Cyrille, Simon Garner, Steve Thompson - what have these fine men in common? All have passed that point-of-no-return that is 30 years on this mortal planet. In footballing terms certainly, nothing lasts forever, and sooner or later they must hang up their boots and consider their respective futures - should they dabble in brain surgery, become an MEP, delve into nuclear physics.....or just run a pub? Dave Robinson helps investigate.

While some players continue to embarrass themselves on the football field until someone kicks their zimmer frame into touch, most footballers are looking for alternative employment by their mid-thirties. Curiously, though the job-market in Britain for ex-overlapping full-backs with a profound knowledge of greyhound racing is not an expansive one, whilst such skills as "long throw expert" or "midfield assassin" are not easily transferable either.

The more prudent player will have established himself in some business or other before he gets the chop from the Capital League side. Sports shops, restaurants and PR companies are all fine, though ringing stolen cars and peddling pornographic literature have proved more lucrative, if a little less secure, for some former players. Meanwhile, for those degenerates who've viewed the world through the bottom of a glass for most of their careers anyway, 'tis but a short stumble to the other side of the bar where their extensive empirical research into all things alcoholic will prove invaluable when they take over the tenancy of "The Pig and Otter".

But the most popular choice of career for the retired player is undoubtedly coaching. Here he gets to pass on all the bad habits, obsolete tactics and antiquated training methods he's absorbed over the years to the next generation of football stars, thus maintaining the high levels of skill and technique that have been so devastatingly successful for the home nations on the world stage in recent times. For those players who don't possess the necessary business acumen with which to run roast-chestnut stall; who lack basic coaching and organisational skills; who react poorly under pressure - there's always football management, or Director Of Football as rich clubs like to call it now. The exact qualifications for this demanding job haven't altered for decades: a well-known name (e.g. Martin O'Neill), well-known friends (e.g. Alan Parry), and of course possession of that manager's trenchcoat. And if he can muster a few international caps (about 64 is

usually fine), or indeed semi-pro caps, then the trenchcoat becomes an optional extra.

Having secured a manager's post, the race is on for our man to win enough games to land a better job before he loses enough to be ditched by his loyal and far-sighted chairman (just be thankful Deadly Doug Ellis isn't at Wycombe). The prize for the most successful schemers is a visit to the Premiership Hypermarket, where they get a few seasons to grab all the bonuses, bungs and backhanders they can before their bluff is called, or the Inland Revenue catches up with them. As well as allowing its owner to walk into managerial jobs for which he has no discernible talent or experience, a famous name can also open doors to jobs in the media. The chosen preferences of Messrs. Wilson, Hansen, Brooking, Lineker etc., who, having cleaned out the cliché bank of bland, obtuse comments during their very first "analysis", have nevertheless carved out comfortable niches for themselves by stating the ruddy obvious ever since!

"You have to say, that compared to marking Gary Lineker this job is a doddle," says Alan. "I don't think much of your ties, Alan," retorts Gary. "Ooh, that was a rare bit of controversy there, Gary," says Trevor, smiling, "You might get a yellow card for that!". "About as rare as one of your headers, Trevor!" Des Lynam chuckles. A doddle indeed.



IT'S THE END OF THE ROAD AS WE KNOW IT

VISA LAS VEGAS !

Even if the footy is a touch dull at times at Adams Park, one can always rely on Sales and Marketing manager Mark Austin to come up with a few amusing stunts to cheer us all up.

Now please feel free to correct me anytime you like but on my travels I've not seen even one man or woman brandishing their "Blues Pager" with pride, has anyone got one. For research reasons only we at TAF sent off for further info but never got sent any, perhaps for some reason they thought we might take the piss. I'm sure it seemed a great idea at the time, but in practice it all seemed a trifle naff. Running around your place of employment shouting to bemused colleagues, "Beejeezus Paul Hyde's signed a two year sponsorship deal with Thrifty Car Rental" is not a proud thing, it is in fact an admission that you are the saddest bastard in Wycombe.

One should never forget the legendary parachute decent that Mr. Austin organised for us fans. Of course it all, somewhat predictably, ended in tears when Mr. Eggy Custard himself came flying out of the tunnel to berate poor old Mark in front of 5000 odd punters, sod the parachutists..... that was the real half time entertainment.

Never forget the Austin crime that is **Bluey the Swan**. Possibly as sinister as Texan hotelier David Koresh the swan's walkabouts are thankfully being scaled down. A little story not many people know is that I was almost cast as **Bluey the Swan**. After penning a vitriolic attack on the webbed footed wazzock certain members of the TAF team put my name forward for the job. In my fake application letter they claimed, amongst other falsehoods, that I had previously worked entertaining kids whilst dressed as Mr. Wimpy in the Crendon street burger bar. So imagine my surprise when at some ungodly hour Mr. Austin phones me up and offers me the job, thankfully he realised it was a mickey take and was

quite alright about it, which is more than can be said for me ! By the way has anyone noticed that whilst the swan was once accompanied by top WWFC stars he is now assisted by two individuals who look like they've escaped from a young offenders institution. Correct me if I'm wrong but blowing cigarette smoke in the faces of kids whilst representing WWFC is hardly a top example to set is it ?

Lastly though it seems that Mark has hit the jackpot with his **WWFC Visa card**. I admit I think its quite cool, and also a damn sight cheaper than my Barclaycard, so I've signed up. Mind you its not arrived yet and I can't help thinking that they've found out about all that poll tax I still owe to Wycombe District Council. Still I live in hope, of receiving my card and Mark Austin's next great scheme.

AND NEW FOR '95

February and March is that time of year when the dreaded words 'transfer deadline' get put about by a couple of tabloids, managers suddenly go ape trying to buy/sell any old git with a "future in the game", and agents all go "Yeeesss, my son!!!", rubbing their mitts with glee and counting sufficient transfer commission in one week to wipe out a small African nation's debt. Which is why this year has been unusually quiet for many clubs - Wycombe have however bucked the trend by freeloading off as many clubs as possible, while getting rid of very few - a reflection of the injury situation as much as anything else. Going out was Lee Turnbull to Scunney (although he's back now), likewise Tim Langford to Kiddy, where he made an instant impact.

Our opinion at TAF is that these 2 chaps played decent stuff when given an opportunity this season, hence their long-term departure would be unfortunate. Young Timmy for instance was the only Wycombe player to be in what you could loosely term "the scoring habit" at Adams Park, and a longer run in the first team may have reaped dividends, I reckon. Still, we're all great Monday morning managers, aren't we? Let us congratulate Martin on his transfer prowess and welcome to Adams Park.....

MIGUEL, THERE'S ONLY JUAN MIGUEL, THERE'S ONLY JUAN MIGUEL!! - Oh, the fun we had singing that in our best Bucks/Lisbon accents. Birmingham have decided that a seven figure monthly wage bill is a bit too excessive for a 2nd Div. club, and Karren Brady couldn't get through them all quick enough anyway! (Only joking, Karren). **MIG DESOUSA** looks like a top acquisition anyway - he appears to have been played out of position at Birmingham (he was the bloke inside the Blue Nose, I think), and has relished his new role(s) at Wycombe, scoring in most games he started. So why did you go and get injured, Mig??

STEVE MCGAVIN: "Col.U!!"....sorry, just getting some phlegm out of my throat there. McGavin was one of those obviously talented players that played for a team you hate, and who always saved his best when playing against us. 140 grand for a 26-year-old reserve in a Div.2 team may seem quite steep, but after an ineffective first game at Brentford, he has performed admirably with both Garner and Hemmings since. A neat touch, not afraid to dribble or shoot, he looks a very similar style of player to the man who probably kept him out of the Birmingham team, Steve Claridge. Despite his previous association with The Scum, I feel sure that Steve will become a firm favourite here.

Hello, **TERRY HOWARD:** "Yes!" I thought, upon hearing news of us signing a defender - " No more midfielders playing at full back". It turns out though that the curse of the left back slot at Wycombe may continue. Terry is in fact a **RIGHT FOOTER** utility defender. But hey, what the hell ! Terry has put in some fine displays since his solid debut at Shrewsbury, and he has shown us his impressive defensive qualities since then, growing in confidence upon the realisation that the Wycombe defence isn't a sieve like as Leyton Orient's. A loyal servant in East London, lets hope he remains at Wycombe a good while. All the best tel.

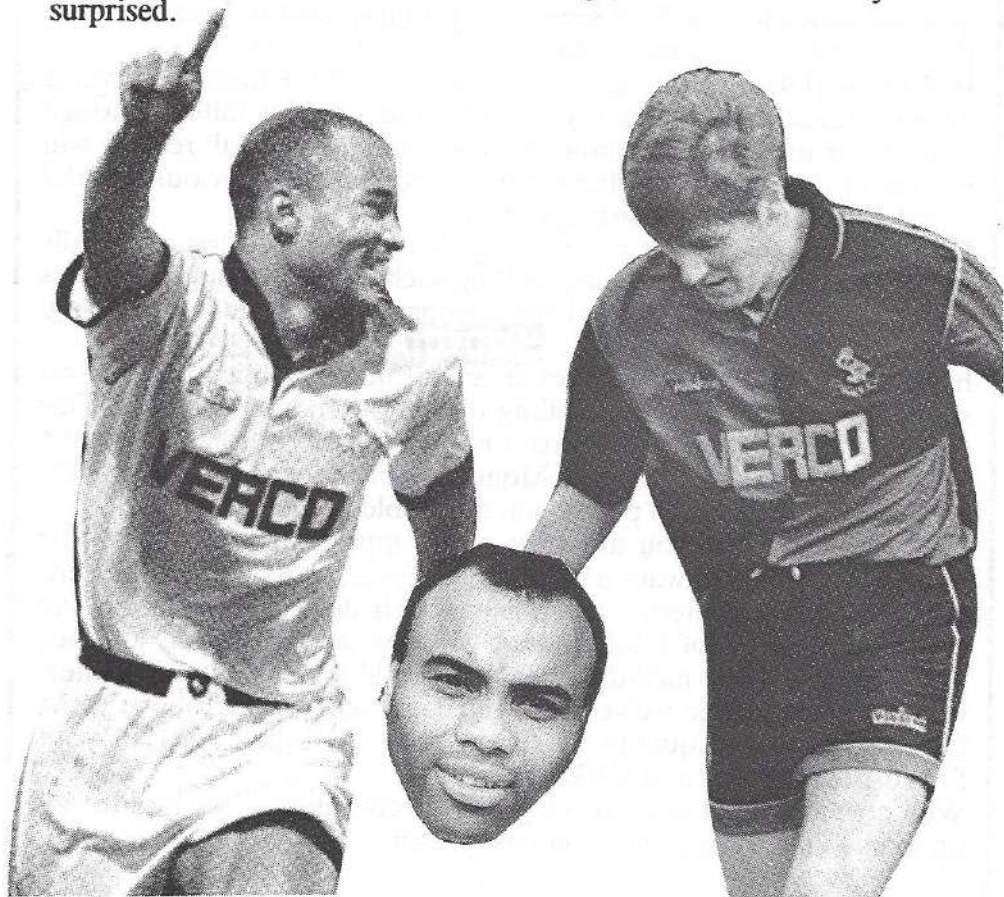
JASON SOLOMAN. This lad appears to have few distinguishing characteristics - he is quite tall, quite hard, and er, quite good I guess ! No room in the talented Watford midfield for him, so an 18 month contract at Adams Park beckons. He's clearly a better bet in the middle of the park than either Thompson or Reid who both look badly out of form, but will he retain his place when messrs. Ryan and Stapleton recover ? (Quite likely in the case of the latter ! ...ed) We shall see - welcome to leafy/hilly/crap Buckinghamshire Jase.

THE LOAN BOYS !!! PETE GARLAND and TERRY SKIVERTON. Both chaps with premiership experience and good footballers the pair. Pete "Raging Bull" Garland has played for
ten

Charlton Athletic and the Geordies. Built like a middleweight boxer I dare say most players are a little wary of Pete. Possesses good skill despite his physique.

Terry is **A GINGER !!!** but we won't hold that against him. He should however heed the fate of our last copper topped right back Steve Whitby who performed admirably but ended up at Slough (of despair) Town. His performances in place of Cousins and Evans have impressed, particularly his willingness to support the attack. All the best chief.

And finally bid a big hello to ex Birmingham City odd job man **DANNY WALLACE** who we hear has been drafted in to make that little rockery at the entrance to Adams Park look nice. The man who would save Wycombe Wanderers (Copyright Matt Lorenzo and the Bucks Free Press) has had few outings, and in all honesty who's surprised.



SUPER MIG

SUPER STEVE

SUPER TAXI-DRIVER?

O U R P R O M I S E

ADVERTISING ANNOUNCEMENT

How can we at TAF start to apologise for the inconsistency of issues this season. We could lie, make false promises and moan about how hard it is to produce the finest fanzine this side of the northern hemisphere. After careful consideration we have decided to do all these. Although not an official WWFC product we do feel we have a responsibility to produce as much rubbish and libelous hogwash as possible for your sparkling eyes to dwell upon. In recent weeks we have spent alot of money and man hours around a circular table in a smoky room with a top quality legal representative, drawing a pact, even a promise so you in the close season can rest assured of the future. Included in this pact is clause 31,a) iii. the promise of no less than six issues for the 95/6 season. A promise hard to keep but with the editorial team we have, one we endeavour to hold.

In section II,4) i. of our agreement we, your most humble servants have declared that the quality of journalism will not falter although semi departures may be imminent. The contents you will receive will be that of the pure, clean honest type, coupled with obvious scandal and the dishonourable twisting of fact.

One of the hardest and most stringent topics to be discussed falls under the chapter Advertising. Selling such a huge amount of copies world wide it's hard to avoid the corporate side of merchandising. Big companies such as **(SKY)**, **(TOYOTA)**, and **elevenSEVENTY** have all offered big bucks to get an advert in our publication. But we stand firm there will be no selling out to the money spinners. This fanzine will only carry the two ads of our distributors, Wycombe Wines and Scorpion Records. Money is not the carrot on our stick, we just have the wish to please you our noble reader.

Contributions from you are very much appreciated and allow our team to write less, always a **Welcome Break**. As well as the serious articles the comedy aspects have been dealt with and you can expect a standard of humour that will out strip any Hale 'n' Pace script to date. Also included will be the odd competition and interview. So you can see we've spent our legal fees wisely to give you a fanzine of worthy quality to sit on your bookshelf next to your Shakespeare, Keats and Kafka.

Well now we've put our size 12  Preditors into our mouths it's up to us to get writing. See you next season.

FIVE OF THE BEST.....*and five we liked less*

With the season closing and so many moments to remember, below are four moments to dwell upon and four that should be forgotten as quickly as possible.

1) The first time Wycombe played Birmingham City was last August away. Wycombe took a large number of supporters with them which was just as well as Brums ground is huge and some what seemed to dwarf the Blues. The game was a hard fought battle and it wasn't until Simon Hutchinson came on that the score-line had a goal. With almost his first touch he delivered a perfect cross which big Cyrille headed home. One to remember. BRUM 0 WWFC 1

2) It was the month of November when the Wycombe gaffer was approached by yet again another Premiership club. After much speculation from the national press he made the right decision and stayed. We are not worthy.

3) In December TAF had its annual break for the three S's, Sun, Sea and Self catering. Yes we went to Butlins. While in the centre shop we happened to find the Panini Football League 94/5 sticker book. Oh what joy when we flicked to page 72 to find our boy's in blue. With seven stickers to collect you could have had the club badge, Crease/Crossley, Thommo/Garner, Hemmings/Regis and, well I didn't manage to get any more than that. As a kid I had the books so a great memory for 94/5, Wycombe's debut.

4) New years eve and Wycombe welcomed the seaside town of Bournemouth. A truly dire game and with the visitors leading untill the 89th minute it took Dave Carroll to pull out all the stops and score a blinding free kick. Nice goal Dave, shame about the legs.

1) Focus if you will, it's a normal Saturday afternoon and Wycombe are playing at home. All's well until a fat, coloured, embarrassing muppet looking character Bluey the Swan made his debut. This bird should have been left to fester in some bog out of sight. But no, it rears it's ugly head every home game. For the kid's or not It's crap and should be shot.

2) With the finest centre midfielder in the football league your season should go quite well. Wycombe's was until fate dished it's annual card and Keith Ryan was out for the rest of the season. This has been our biggest blow. If only we could forget it.

3) A lot has been said on this issue and both club and manager have hushed it up. So let us remember for the last time. It's a sunny interval at Adams park and a bunch of poncy parachutists decide to land in your ground. This was a disgrace and let us never have to sit through such tripe again. Mr. Austin learn your lesson. We pay to see football, not a gang show.

4) Still relatively recent was the trouncing we received at home against Birmingham. A truly horrendous memory that should be wiped out of any paper, magazine and TV archive everywhere. This didn't happen, we were all on drugs. WWFC 0 Brum 0

Lets hope that with the 95/6 season we have more goodies to remember than bad.

FAMILY FAVOURITES



The time has come around again when we the fans are asked to make one of the most difficult decisions of the year, the question being who do we think has been the best Wycombe Wanderers player this season. The choice is made extremely difficult yet again by the remarkable assault led by Martin O'Neil and his boys in blue on Division 2. However, after some very harsh reasoning we at T.A.F. reckon that there are six main contenders for this great honour, so without further ado we bring you a hopefully unbiased short summary of our Family Favourites.

PAUL HYDE

This list is in no particular order of preference and it seems logical to start with Wycombes' No. 1. Hydes' best quality must be his excellence at shot stopping, many times this season he's pulled off remarkable saves and very important stops like the recent one against Oxford at home. Just think how embarrassing it would have been to have drawn against a team that's gone downhill faster than a snow-boarder on "whizz" in the last decade. He has a tremendous presence on the pitch, his voice terrifies the opposition let alone the superb way in which he takes out opposing players, violently flattening them whilst catching the ball and avoiding the referees' book all together. To date this season Hydrie has kept an incredible twenty clean sheets and with this statistic proof of his goal-keeping prowess he can feel fairly confident of retaining his title crown.

(Sir) Matt Crossley

When Sir Matt returned back from a six week injury recently we all breathed a big sigh of relief at the sight of having him back in the defence. His relaxed, non-flustered attitude has such a calming effect on the rest of the team and allows him to play a brilliantly controlled game. Strength in the air coupled with precision tackling makes him a formidable defender. Many people agree that if Sir Matt had just a gnats' of "Tricky" Tony Hemmings' arrogance he would be playing at a much higher level of football, the man is Premiership quality.

Terry Evans

Only Hydrie has made more first team appearances this season than Big Tel. He is a colossus in defence, God only knows how many times his majestic heading ability has saved us from conceding goals, not forgetting the five he's scored up the other end of the pitch and endless flick-ons in corner and free kick scenarios. Big Tel is not only famed for his aerial skills, he's a fine tackler also, but most of all he's the captain, the man who inspires the rest of the team, spurring them on through thick and thin and showing the kind of courage and leadership that Tony Adams does for Arsenal.

Dave Carroll

A fact about Dave Carroll is that that if he plays well, Wycombe win, and judging by our league position it's clear he's had a very good season. The free kick in the dying moments of our game against Bournemouth at Christmas only strengthened his connections with the nick-name Jesus, saving us from what would have been an embarrassing home defeat by the bottom club at the time. But it's not only his spectacular goals which are to be admired this season, his tackling back and heading prowess has been excellent, something which two seasons ago was unthinkable. Dave Carroll has this season gone from an erratic genius to a mastermind of ball skills and has turned in his most consistent season yet.

(Super) Simon Garner

Wycombes' top scorer so far this season has netted twelve goals and assisted practically every other goal. What Super Si may lack in pace he more than makes up for with deadly accuracy in both shooting and passing. His vast experience and knowledge of the game has been absolutely priceless to Wycombe this season. Seen as a Godfather of the Endsleigh league he has an incredible ability to demand respect from all the players on the pitch. Plus the fact that he parties like an animal and is immensely cool and rock n' roll makes him a very possible winner.

Steve Brown

Steve Brown has spent this season filling in for injured players and then proceeding to make the position/shirt his own. Starting the season at left back in place of the ravishing David Titterton he amazed us all with his quality tackling and eagerness to support Mickey Bell down the left flank. When Keith Ryan was put out for the rest of the season things looked rather grim for Wycombe, but since Brown has had the coveted No.6 shirt on his back the cavity in the centre of the park has been more than adequately filled. His assets are his speed, strength, versatility, dedication and commitment, closing the opposition down superbly and adding a considerable force to the attack, take away Paul Inces' petty whining and whinging and you have a player not a million miles away from Steve Brown. It's taken almost a year for Steve to prove to a lot of us why Martin bought him, but by now everyone can see what a fine player Brownie is.

I know this article was supposed to be unbiased, but I think I've blown it with that last summary. Still I'm sure it won't influence your opinion. It must be said that every regular player at Wycombe this season has done us the fans proud not just the six mentioned. I'm sure we're all glad that the decision for Player of The Season is such a difficult one to make due to the great team effort the Blues have made.



THE DIARY.....

Spoiler

Halo, ut roligt at se dig, for any of our Swedish fans reading this (I know there's a few of you out there), and welcome to the last TAF diary for the 94/95 season - and it would seem that the pressure of life in the cut-throat Endsleigh League Div. 2 is getting to some people. After the dour 1-1 draw with Stockport at the start of March, Tony Hemmings was seen storming out of Adams Park in his sporty red something-or-other (reg: A1 EMO), and broke the Hillbottom Industrial Estate straight-line drag record, averaging 84mph in the process.

Jibes

Another stropmy bumsweat and no fine example to the kids of how a professional should conduct himself, is Oxford's Bobby Ford, who after our 1-0 victory recently at Adams Park, could not control his temper sufficiently to withstand the jibes of a couple of 15-year-old Wanderers fans, and was fully prepared to set about them, before getting on the team coach, whereupon OU's elderly physio managed to talk him out of it. TAF's advice: Chill the funk out, brothers!

Clueless

You may recall in TAF Issue 16, that we gleaned the services of the National Lottery's Mystic Meg on a non-contract basis. Well, after a prophetic (or is that pathetic?) playing record of Correct Score: 1, Correct Result: 2, and Correct Nothing: 9, we have, er, decided to let her go for the rest of the season. Pity, the Romany one started of so well.....

Poacher

Good to see a few ex-Wanderers making good elsewhere. Tim Langford hit a brace on his debut for Kidderminster on loan, likewise Lee Turnbull has found the scoresheet for Scunthorpe since going there, although Carlton TV have got wind of his witty commentating skills, and have persuaded him to come back down south. Ty Gooden, never one of Martin's favourites but certainly one of Swindon Town's cheaper acquisitions, has been both setting up and scoring in Div.1, and the odds on Keith Scott returning to Wycombe next season have reduced to 4-1 on, since his failure to make Stoke's poor first XI - or is the demon poacher injured? 50 grand would be a fair price, I reckon, Martin.



Beehive

Yo, this is what happens to you budding pros if you start adopting people like Glenn Roeder as your footballing Yoda! He teaches you how to attract swarms of bees to your head (!) and how to nick car stereos. This fine piccy of a younger Jason Soloman at Watford is apparently supposed to be promoting Blaupunkt (Watford's sponsor) stereos - surely they could have found a suaver male model than Jase at Vicarage Road (pause for recollection) - OK, maybe not. Put it this way, if JS isn't playing today, then I'd be a mite concerned about leaving my car in the WWFC car park!

Molins

A final mention in this issue's diary goes to Blues Club F.C., the soccer team that proudly wear the Wycombe colours in Div.3 of the Wycombe Sunday Combination. As 2 TAF journos form an integral part of the squad, we thought it only fair to mention that the team has already gained promotion to Div.2, and will become champions if they win their last match of the season, tomorrow at 10 a.m., Molins Sports Ground, Mill Lane, Monks Risborough, if anybody fancies seeing a fine game of footy. 2 ex-Wanderers lead the front line - Andy Longstaff and Brenton Nelson, and inspirational manager Bob Paddon is always looking for new players, so if you fancy pulling on a blue or yellow Wycombe shirt next season, contact him on HW 532318. End of plug.

Camisole

Wanderers In Town - no, not the splendid new version of the shop, but further players have been spotted around Wycombe doing their shopping. Tone Hemmo was allegedly spotted in Mothercare purchasing one of those 6-seater McLaren buggies for his ever increasing posse of love-children. Terry Howard was apparently seen in Nigel Fidget's computer shop in Desborough Road, enquiring about boosting up his RAM capacity - look out, ladies! Further up the road, Steve Thompson was, so I'm informed, viewed lurking furtively outside 'Feathers', waiting for a quiet moment, I dare say. It's alright Steve, we won't tell a soul. Lives of the rich and famous, readers? They're just as humble as you or I.....

Trumpeting

The Northern Ireland fanzine, "Arconada ... Armstrong!", who love us just because MON is the Gaffer here (sheer jealousy), reviewed our 'zine in their 6th issue last year - see below - yes, we all possess trumpets at TAF, and we do love playing them rather loudly, actually.

Here are some things that were printed elsewhere. If we are infringing any copyright laws by printing them, feel free to sue us. We rebels, we don't care.

We like 'The Adams Family'. They are the Wycombe Wanderers fanzine. We sent them a copy of issue 4, the one with the exclusive interview I had with Martin O'Neill in it. Sometimes when you write to other fanzines, they ignore you, sometimes they're dead nice, and they send you loads of stuff. They sent me two copies, and the **originals** of an interview they had with Martin. There wasn't much N.I. stuff in it, in fact they seemed to omit to ask him *the* question i.e. why are you still manager of Wycombe, when you could have been manager of Northern Ireland? Anyway, here's all the N.I. bits we could find:



TAF: What was it like to play in the World Cup and European Cup?

MON: Oh those were great days. There are good things about being a manager but there is nothing that beats playing football. Playing is what it's all about. That's what the crowds pay to come and see. You don't come to see somebody gyrating up and down in the dugout. There's nothing like playing and nothing like playing at the highest level. Winning a European Cup medal, that was for the likes of Puskas and De Stefanc, it wasn't for people like me. Captaining a side in the World Cup in 1982 into the quarter-finals was just sensational. Great evenings, playing in front of 60,000 and beating Spain. Typical Irish, we enjoyed the evening after the game more than the game itself!

Adios, gringos, until next season!!

Hey kids ! Bored at half time ? Why not draw a crown on Steve, cut it out and send it to him at the club.

Stevie Brown



...Give Him A Crown

When Steve Brown first arrived at Wycombe last season he was a big money signing (well he was in our terms) In the games against Northampton he had stood out as one of their better players so I was relatively pleased with the signing.

I think most people could see his potential and he obviously has a cultured left foot. Unfortunately for Steve at first his passing was in the main wayward to say the least. Rather predictably because he wasn't quite the same calibre as Glen Hoddle or Paul Gascoigne in midfield many overweight "super fans" in the Woodlands got on his back early on. Maybe this was because they too could see the potential and were frustrated that he couldn't quite produce it.

Towards the end of the season he started to find his form. His passing improved. He started winning tackles, reading the game and even the Woodlands moaners begrudgingly applauded him. One of his finest moments of the season was sprinting across the hallowed Wembley turf after the play-off final with a huge string of balloons trailing in his wake, not forgetting that inflatable wooden club he strapped onto his nether regions.

This season Steve has been used mostly as a left back and his form has been both outstanding and consistent. There have been matches this season when his performances have been about the only highlight of bore draws. In fact one TAF scribe is so in love with Steve Brown that he has built a Shrine to him in his front room which he worships at daily.

With the arrival of ex-Northampton team mate Mickey Bell we have been treated to a fine attacking double act down the left flank. Steve's support play has been exciting, racing on the overlap, leaving a couple of defenders for dead and whipping dangerous balls into the box.

Martin O' Neill is quoted as saying Steve's performances at left back have excellent but he would like to see him do it in midfield. A bit tricky really seeing as Martin keeps playing him at left back. I can't imagine "the Gaffer" being too chuffed if halfway through a tight game Steve decided to neglect his duties as a full-back and go into the centre of the field to try and impress his boss.

Over the last few games Steve has got his chance in his more familiar midfield role. This move appears to have coincided with the Blues excellent home form of late. Next season a midfield of Steve Brown and Keith "Great engine, that lad will run all day, he covers every blade of grass" Ryan could be the key to a successful campaign. I'm just glad we didn't sell him to Chesterfield when they offered 70,000 for him. Chesterfield, what an insult.

Talking of insults, the chant "Ian Wright Wright Wright" does actually fit the England star's name. However, "Stevie Brown Brown Brown" does sound a bit lame. May I suggest that next time you fancy honouring Steve with a song you could sing "Steve Brown we love you, Steve Brown we do" to the tune of "Grandma We Love You" by St. Winifreds School Choir. It's just a thought but I'm sure it will catch on.

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DICTIONARY DELVINGS

Whilst a spell checker may be a super way to disguise ones educational shortcomings, its a sure-fire pain in the butt if you use a lot of names. Many towns and personalities names are not dictionary words and so even the most beautifully crafted piece of writing can take an age to check through as the computer fails to recognise the delights of words used often in TAF, such as tossers (computer says "Dossiers") and Fred West (Fed West). As well as Gloucestershire based serial killers the computer also has no time for Wycombe Wanderers stars, and so we present, in the interests of good English, The Collins English Dictionary guide to Wycombe Wanderers.

Starting in the goalkeeping department **Paul Hyde** remains untouched by the vagaries of our national language but Moroccan megastar **Chuck Moussaddik** becomes the pervily named **Chuck Massaged**. Interestingly enough when two TAF scribes went to interview Jim Melvin at Adams Park they stumbled upon Chuck lying on a treatment table with only a towel sparing his blushes - waiting for a massage, who knows ?

A common name in the back four is Terry and Messrs. **Evans**, **Skiverton** and **Howard** are all spared Christian name changes by the virtue of sharing the name of a type of baby's nappy. **Howard** becomes **Toward** which explains his no shirking nature, **Evans** becomes **Evens** signifying a love of betting and lastly **Skiverton** becomes **Aestivating** which apparently means spending the summer in a dormant condition. Clearly no international football or county cricket fame awaits the young Chelsea lad !

There are few other bizarre changes in our defence other than our heroic right back whose name becomes **Disown Cousins**, truly prophetic in the past wouldn't you say ?

Poor old **Jason Soloman** also gets the disown tag in front of his name, no crimes committed yet in a blues shirt but maybe he will be disowned if he continues to imitate forgotten man **Summon Stipulating** (**Stapleton**). The computer also speculates that **Mickey Bell** is the WWFC equivalent of Pig Pen, the festering B.O. monger in the cartoon strip Peanuts after changing his name to **Mucky Bell**. **Nicky Reid** becomes one of those names that Tory papers used to bandy around in the early eighties to frighten people off voting Labour. **Nick Red** is his new name, maybe he'll go into politics on retirement from the beautiful game and stop children reading Noddy books.

Onto the forward line and big Cyrille becomes **Cereal Regis**. Naturally this would be fortified with vitamin C and be very

wholesome, whether it would help you score any goals though is debatable. Maybe you'd think breakfast foodstuff called *Cereal Regis* wouldn't sell but it can hardly be regarded as any more stupid than "Golden Graham's" or "Multi Cheerios".

Unfortunately rejuvenated striker **Tony Hemmings** becomes *Ton Hemlines* and anyone who has been present in the Red Lion public house will agree that the lad himself does like to study (Or is that leer at ?) the ladies hemilines, you smoothy Hemmo'.

Perhaps the most bizarrely re-named forward is **Miquel Desouza** whose alter ego *Mogul Dosshouse* sounds like he could be a cross between a suave Dynasty character and a crusty student living in a squat in Rutland Avenue.

A few other names worth mentioning are the spookily named *Martian Kneehole* (The Gaffer), American soul songstress Miss. *Ivory Seeks* (The Chairman) and trainspotting manual worker from Oxford *Drain Wood* (Programme Editor and top TAF mate).

LETTERS *SPECIAL*...

Dear TAF,

Whilst I shall always be grateful to him for having picked up Martin in a public convenience in Norwich, I am, along with my regular companions on the terraces, getting increasingly irritated with Alan Parry.

I can live with the fact that he's a commentator (I thank my lucky stars that it's him and not Elton Wellsby on the board), and I'm quite prepared to endure the jibes from friends when they spot another of his offerings in "Colemanballs", but his programme notes are beginning to make me livid. In case anybody's missed it he appears to be obsessed with reprimanding five or six thousand fans for not being seven or eight thousand? It's bad enough to have this every home game, but I was horrified to go to Oxford at Christmas and find him doing the same thing in their programme.

Above all, this is a completely pointless exercise: the people reading his regular ticking-off will be in the ground; the additional people he wants to bring in are not in the ground, and therefore not reading the programme. The words "preaching" and "converted" spring to mind. It also seems to me that Wycombe's crowds are not that bad, given that 1200 was seen as respectable 5 years ago, that consistent increases have been achieved each year and that we now have a healthy average in second division terms. Doubtless this will increase

twenty two

again towards the end of the season, when we are involved in another promotion campaign.

In the meantime, I'm sure that we will all persist in trying to convince family and friends that they should come along. Maybe Alan Parry could take his evangelical campaign to the streets of Wycombe, and perhaps the team could assist by not saving its most desperately dull displays (York and Brighton) for bumper crowds.

Mr. Watts - Oxford

Dear TAF,

I have become so pissed off lately with the antics of the two Alan's - namely messrs. Parry and Hutchinson - that I feel it my duty to write this letter.

Firstly, Alan Parry. What the hell is he on about in his programme notes? First of all he rants on about the size of our gates telling us that we should be getting 8-9,000. Has he bothered looking at the centre of the programme? If so he may find that those "passionate crowds in the North" have hardly been turning out in their droves. Blackpool, Crewe, Hull, York: all clubs who've had reasonable seasons, yet still they average less than us! Wycombe have had another truly fine season, but Mr Parry certainly hasn't. The man's a prize tit. Secondly Alan Hutchinson. Why is it that on 1170 he has to scream and shout like a young schoolkid. Whilst listening to a recent game that I couldn't get to, I thought that Terry Howard had been shot by a sniper in the crowd the way he started squealing. Chill out mate!

Mr. Thompson - Hazlemere.

Dear Mr. Parry,

I've always thought you to be a top man from the day I saw you on the terraces at Altrincham's Moss Lane ground. There aren't many directors who would bother to give up their seat for the terrace, even if it was only a wooden bench. However your recent programme notes were so offensive I have found it necessary to pen this letter. It's a waste of time sending it to the programme as they are hardly likely to print it. I travel to every home game from Bristol and I don't like to be greeted by a barrage of whining about attendances. You have to face it Wycombe is not a footballing hotbed, it may be in years to come when tradition has taken hold, but for the time being I think crowds of 5-6000 are excellent.

Your references to Liverpool are unsurprising though, every scouser I've

ever met talks about the place as if it's heaven on earth. Indeed if it's so marvellous why are so many of you not living there anymore?

David McGregor - Bristol

TAF Viewpoint:

Well, well, well. Mr Parry's comments kick-started the biggest influx of letters that our mailbag has ever seen. Well....three anyway. I agree whole-heartedly with Mr Watts letter, and as for the others... well who am I to disagree. The Adams Family is not a club publication, so feel free to have your say. I personally think that the outburst on Alan Hutchinson is a little excessive, as although the man may have an ego the size of Mars, lets face it he does knock out a pretty decent service for listeners of the "Otherwise-Crap" 1170 AM. Have you any thoughts, if so let us know.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO ???

1. The Training Pitch.

When we first moved to Adams Park do you remember the trouble we had trying to get planning permission for a training pitch? The arguments with the council, grizzling local residents, the promises of an all weather pitch for use by the public. Well what has happened to it all? The club eventually got the go ahead, they levelled that slag-heap of chalk and then, nothing happened. I know when the club first applied for planning permission they couldn't actually afford to start work on the pitch straight away but that was four or five years ago and so far all we've seen is a dirt track leading to a farmer's field for car parking. The club must be quite financially sound but nothing has been done or said about the subject. We have been in the dark and I think it would be nice if the club could keep us informed.

2. My Blues' Pager.

Yes, I was the sad loser who sent off for details for the Blues' Pager. I didn't really want one but just fancied seeing how crap it truly was. I never received any sort of reply. At first I thought they may have been inundated with applications as it was such a great idea and I had to wait my turn. Then I came to my senses and realised that it was actually the single most crap idea in football and that I was probably the only tit with such an empty life to actually apply for one they pulled the plug on the whole idea.

3. The Dignity Of The Person Who Dresses Up As Bluey The Swan.

Whoever this sad individual is probably thought it would be a bit of a laugh to be Bluey. They get paid, see the came for free and even get to meet the players. They may even think "It's ok, no one can see my face so I won't get the piss taken out of me." I'm sorry but dressing up like that is sad enough but prancing around the pitch like a giant pratt and waving at us on the terrace as if we gave a toss is just tragic. Try and retain some dignity, clear off and take that ridiculous costume with you.

SHAME 10
DIGNITY 0



4. All The Families Who Turn Up For

"Quid A Kid" Matches.

You know the ones. Spend the whole game moaning they can't see, the kids play chase on the terrace and all bugger off for the rest of the season. The club holds these special days to try and build up support for the future. Unfortunately these people are just pikey bargain hunters who, when not taking advantage of the Blues' generosity spend their Saturdays at Car Boot Sales or Scout's Jumble Sales.



5. Dennis Greene's Stand Up Comedy Career.

Has anyone seen Dennis on Viva Cabaret or at the Comedy Store recently? No, didn't think so. Apparently he's really big in Germany now and we all know what a great sense of humour the Germans have don't we.

6. Dr. Willy Proctor.

Well, apart from the fact that he wasn't funny any more and we ran out of ideas the real reason he has disappeared is this. The Police raided his home looking for stolen medical supplies and discovered a shoe box containing love letters between the doc and Rose West. Willy is currently awaiting trial for his part in the "Cromwell Street Murders".

Yes Ladies and Gentleman...in true TAF tradition
it's time for an end of season good old.....

TAF MOAN ©



1. Why have the drinks vendors never got as many lids as cups? Seeing as we always have to carry our drinks back to the terrace, I believe a good supply of lids could alleviate the chance of third-degree burns when some oaf knocks into you.
2. We keep getting these useless tickets at the turnstiles! Can we not use them, for instance, like Esso tokens where we can buy club merchandise at the end of the season. Mind you judging by some of the merchandise in the "Corner Flag", maybe this move has been quashed by the fashion police.
3. Why, oh why, do people dither around the yellow "stewards section" of the terrace, and offer advice such as, "You'll never find any room in there mate" as you attempt to get on the terrace. There's always loads of space in the middle, so what's the crack here? I would have thought that the majority of the general public would try to get as far away as possible from the fluorescent imbeciles parading these areas.
4. My word have you seen the state of Bluey the swan lately? At the game against Chester he looked like he'd been harpooned! His shirt was falling off, and kids looked to be horrified that a mass of pink stuffing seemed to be flying out from a gaping sore under his wing. This "foul" bird is a disgrace to all decent WWFC supporters, and if Mr. Mark Austin has the bottle, he should burn this sorry item once and for all.

5. Oi Mr. Vere. Any chance of the buying some new chairs for your plush Vere suite. It's just it's nice to sit down with a pint after the game. With furniture mogul Tom Fitzgerald's show room just down the road, what could be easier than a cheap delivery of 50-odd chairs. Also why you're down there maybe you could let Tom show you his extensive collection of toupees, tailor-made for the suave discerning gent that you clearly are sir!

6. My sixth point today is aimed at a young ginger haired lad who spent the whole of the game against Bradford salivating onto the terrace step. If you happen to be near this character at the next home game, then turn the bugger upside down and use his head as a mop to clear up his spittle. The youth of today.....I don't know.

7. I'm also getting increasingly worried about some of the profiteering that seems to be par for the course in the surroundings Adams Park these days. There seem to be a number of cubs and scouts charging one pound for the privilege of parking in an old car park, and I'm intrigued to know where all the money goes. What do scouts need - apart from rope and a pen knife and a few sticks to rub together. I believe we should be told the tale behind this seedy farce, as I believe that vast amounts of cash are changing hands.

8. OK. I think I've managed to get everything off my chest in this final issue of the season. One last thought however. The matchday 50/50 draw. Do you know anyone that's one it yet? No, neither do I. Not that I'm saying that it's fiddled - I wouldn't dare to suggest anything of the sort, I'm just a sour loser. I still wonder however why Mike Phillips needs two girls to carry out the tombola for his league line draw at half-time. Is your radio-mike a bit hefty Mike?

The Adams Family - Inflation free at 50p

Baresi in "Crossley is my brother" shock

Q.Q.Q GET THE EXCLUSIVE.....

International football was last night rocked by rumours that top Italian defender Franco Baresi is, in fact, the brother of Wycombe Wanderers' gifted central defender, Matt Crossley. Rumours currently circulating within the British game were given further plausibility by Italy's *Gazetta del sport*. The legendary pink paper yesterday printed a story attributing to a "friend" of the former Italian captain a claim that Baresi "cannot live this lie any longer...he wants the truth to be known."

Confirmation of Crossley's continental roots would come as no surprise to wily Wanderers fans, many of whom have long noted the resemblance between Crossley, possessed of an unflappable temperament and Latin good looks, and the older Baresi. One life-long supporter said last night: "Even when I first saw him at Fisher Athletic, I knew there was something special about him. He always had time on the ball, and read the game so well that he never even seemed to break into a sweat."

Talk of Matt being "different" has also been rife amongst his colleagues, who, in addition to being suspicious about his ability to make pin-point forty yard passes with both feet, were concerned about his preference for *pasta al ciarcola* over steak and chips, and a glass of Chianti rather than a pint of Stella. Wanderers fashion guru Keith Ryan also commented on Crossley's liking for fine Armani clothes: "He always dresses a bit strangely. I don't think I've ever seen the lad in a shellsuit."

For any Wycombe fan dismissing this evidence as circumstantial, however, all doubts were overcome at the start of the season, when Crossley spurned Adidas to sign a massive 100,000 lira (six pound fifty) boot deal with Italian sportswear giant, *Lotto*.

Some football "insiders" doubt the truth of the rumours however, questioning the Italian star's motives. One source close to Wycombe said: "As far as I'm concerned, Baresi is just trying to hang on to Mattie's coat-tails. Maybe a few years ago he was in the same league as Matt, but now his talent is on the wane and Matt is playing the best footy of his career. And Matt's got a lovely head of hair."

As further rumours circulated last night of a possible six million transfer bid by AC Milan president and occasional Italian prime minister, Silvio Berlusconi, Crossley's mother and father were "too upset to comment" on suggestions that Matt was the lovechild of a tempestuous affair between Sir Matt Busby and Signora Bianca "Mama" Baresi, on a European cup trip to Milan in the mid-Sixties.

Crossley was also unavailable last night, his wife inadvertently fuelling speculation by admitting, "He's gone out for a pizza".